

THE END.

"They have killed me at last." And he died.

The fading of a unit in this great mass of humanity that makes up the living world occurs every moment. And every good man, in times of peace dies in his bed, surrounded by kin and friends.

His last words are caught and treasured as jewels; the counsel from his lips is gathered and put away as a sacred thing, and when the last awful moment comes—when the soul wrestles with its earthly tenement and frees itself—they bury the mortal dross. There is a mournful procession—a funeral cortege—a dark hole—a dark object is lowered into it—a few shovelfuls of earth, and all is over. He was a good man, and some society or lodge of which he was a member pass the stereotyped set of phrases called "resolutions," the intent and purport of which is,—to inform the world that John is different, and we are naturally led to inquire why it is that the last poor boon that can be vouchsafed to man—the right to die free has been denied him.

"The man who once ruled New York City is dead!" This is the heading of a telegram announcing his death; and in that announcement is the whole story told. He ruled New York City! He was the great Tammany Chief. But he was worse than Tammany! Time was when this man who died in a felon's cell was fawned upon and flattered, by those who now loudly curse his memory. Time was when the millions he is reported to have stolen, always had ready receivers who were the white neckties of righteousness, while beneath their waistbands was the price of second hand infancy.

Wm. M. Tweed may have been a bad man, as the "Journal of Civilization" claims, and has persistently lampooned him in order to make the American nation believe it. Until, in fact, each lineament of his countenance is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Wm. M. Tweed is a thief says *Harpers*. Granted. But why is it that the people of New York City sat tamely down and allowed one individual to rob them of millions?

Why is it that as long as Wm. M. Tweed stole—and stole audaciously—divided this plunder "on the square," not one word was whispered against him? But when the people of New York City were as corrupt as this man—when he realized and knew this fact, and because doubly corrupt in return, they set up the hue and cry. They suddenly became very holy—they remembered that "thou shalt not steal!"

And why? Because as long as Wm. M. Tweed stole like a political bandit, and divided it with the liberality of a pirate, a certain ring was satisfied. But when he stole like a thief, and kept it like a thief, he suddenly discovered that there is more virtue and honesty in New York City than the country had given it credit of possessing.

Wm. M. Tweed is dead, and he had tried to do some good, "and if he had not had 'good luck,' he was 'not afraid to die.'" There are men in New York City to-day who are more to blame for the crimes committed by Tweed than he, himself. And just so sure as there is a God in Israel, the Nemesis that has called Wm. M. Tweed to court, awaits them.

Then will we see if they die as calmly as he did.

PICKPOCKETS.

A Lady on the Missouri Pacific Train Has Her Pocket Picked.

There is not the least doubt but that the Garrison House depot is a regular rendezvous for pickpockets and thieves at the arrival of every train. Another case of pickpocketing occurred there yesterday morning in which a lady had her pocketbook stolen. The particulars as near as we can learn are as follows:

On the arrival of the Pacific train at the depot a lady by the name of Miss Inman, who lives in West Sedalia, got on the train, and during the rush of passengers, her pocket was picked. She made complaint to officers Smith and Gray of the occurrence, and told them that when she was getting on the train she felt some one pushing her, and she supposed that was the time her pocketbook was stolen, although she did not discover her pocketbook gone until she had taken her seat, when she felt for her pocketbook and it was gone. She said it did not contain much money, but had in it a check for her trunk to California, Mo., to which place she was going, and also some papers, of no value to anyone but her.

The officer asked her if she could point out the man who she thought had taken the pocketbook. She said she thought she could, and pointed to a man of rather a fine, and gentlemanly appearance sitting a few seats back of her, on the opposite side of the car, as the thief, but could not say for certain whether he was the man or not.

The officer told her that if she could not positively identify the man referred to as the one who committed the theft, they could do little, if anything at all, to recover her property for her, except to look up the conductor to be on the lookout for the trunk thief, and he promised that he would do so that if the thief presents the check, he will be nabbed and lodged in jail.

Miss Inman had rather hard luck in losing her pocketbook, and will, no doubt, have some little difficulty in getting her trunk out of the baggage room at California, without a check. The BAZOO hopes that the miscreant who committed the outrage may shortly be captured and made to pay the penalty of his crime with a long sojourn in the pen.

Died.

At the residence of his mother, Mrs. Mary Roberts, in Sedalia, Friday morning, Mr. Frank Roberts, aged nineteen, of consumption.

The funeral will take place at two o'clock this evening.

The long-contemplated railroad bridge over the Chicago river, just below Rush street bridge, will in all probability be built by the Illinois Central Railroad company during the present summer. The estimates have been made, and the plans are all ready. It will be a wooden trestle bridge similar to the bridges now crossing the river, and will cost about \$35,000.

"FLOWERS."

A prominent St. Louis paper last Sunday had an editorial denouncing the custom of making floral tributes to the dead. This is a singular course for a journalist to pursue, but however much his taste may be questioned, there is not the slightest doubt but that he is eminently practical. Such a man should deal exclusively in old rage and scrap iron, and by computing their valuation, realize all the nobleness his soul is capable of enjoying. But the disparagement of the most pure and beautiful of all God's creations, or the use of them when impulsive prompts, will have little effect with those whose elevated natures make them capable of appreciating them.

And what is more pure, more beautiful, than a flower? It is poetry to the eye, and the divinest fragrance that ever entered the senses.

The tiny child will pass by the most gorgeous and costly works of art to clutch the violet, which fills it with delight. For, with instinctive purity, it recognizes God's handiwork.

The rustic swain, whose unlettered mind knows naught of books and less of art, will gather them by the footpath and twine them around his hat, singing joyously the while, with a new found but undefined happiness.

The maiden, too, whose blush like that of the rose in her hair, will unconsciously but most surely gather each floral gem that peeps from the green sward on which the treads in happy innocence. And why? Because the cool, pure and undefiled, seen in each flower the counterpart of her own life. In the spring they bud in beauty, but fade with fall and die in winter. Crush one petal, and you have destroyed its life. Defile it with impure breath, and it will sicken and die. And so will woman.

Show us the child who does not love a flower, and we will point out to you the germ of a ruined woman.

Show us the girl or woman who does not love a flower, and we will show you a cold, heartless being, who through some freak of nature or vicious quality is made destitute of every grace and refinement that adorn pure womanhood.

Show us the man who does not love a flower, and we will show a heartless being whose mercenary qualities and brutal instincts have made him incapable of enjoying the purest, simplest, most touching gift the Creator in his goodness has ever vouchsafed to those who are a libel on his image.

Let us plant them in our gardens; let us wear them for our mantels, let them adorn our tables and let every home and heart be beautified by their presence.

Yes, deck the beautiful bride with the fairest flowers we can cull, and may her life be as sweet, as pure, as holy, as the floral tributes that she wears.

Yes, plant them on the graves of those whom your heart holds dear, and whose memory is enshrined in the most sacred chambers of your sorrowed heart. Water them with the tears of your affliction, that their fragrance may rise to heaven and greet the spirit of the one whose form is entombed beneath the gray mound before you.

Let us thank God for his flowers, the brightest jewels that deck the bosom of our mother—Earth.

And let the man who wears them with the *Globe-Democrat* gather thorns and thistles, and breathe the winter air of an unappreciative soul.

A Tramp that did not Want to Eat.

A tramp knocked at the kitchen door of a Fourth street residence yesterday morning and asked:

"Don't be alarmed—I don't want anything to eat—I have had a bunk. Can I get a pan of water and some soap?"

He was answered in the affirmative by a servant girl and she gave him the articles he asked for.

He washed thoroughly about the head and neck and returned the borrowed articles when he said:

"I came from Booneville and I was so dirty that the girls would not look at me. I think now they will look at me."

Servant girl—Where are you going?

Tramp—Going? Why it would be easier to tell where I am not going. I am not going to Booneville again.

S. G.—How long have you been tramping?

T.—Since the day of the last presidential election and this is the second time since then that I have been allowed a good chance to wash.

S. G.—Where did you start from?

T.—Pawnee, Rhode Island.

S. G.—Have you walked all the time.

T.—Not all the time, I rode some on freight trains. But I'm off. Remember all the tramps who come are not hungry. We live well—even better than many of the poor families in this town.

And he whisked away striking a gait that would have been taken for an active business man.

Pocket Picked.

A man by the name of Phil Maguire, made a complaint to Marshal Kelly, last night, to the effect that his pocketbook had been stolen from him some time during the evening, but he could not tell when, how, where or by whom it had been taken. He said that he had been into numerous business houses in the early part of the night, and it might have been taken from him while he was in one of them. He did not state how much money there was in the pocketbook, but gave the officer a pretty minute description of a silver quarter it contained.

It appears that there is a great deal of thieving being done in Sedalia, of late, and it behooves the people to keep a sharp lookout on their leather.

Kansas City is waging a relentless war on her gamblers and vagrants, and compelling them to leave the city or go to the work-house, and why can't Sedalia do the same thing? The town is nearly overrun with vagrants and confidence men, who continue their depredations regardless of the law. Sedalia has a vagrant law, and as it has never been properly enforced, now would be the right time to commence its strict enforcement. If the authorities would take this matter in hand, and arrest every vagrant and blackleg in the city, they would probably give Sedalia a wide berth in the future.

Life is but short, and we should do all we can to prolong it. Check a cough or cold at once by using an old and reliable remedy such as Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. Price, 25 cents.

A NEGRO THIEF.

Arrested by Deputy Sheriff Shy, Last Friday.

Deputy Sheriff Shy succeeded in arresting Friday, one of the numerous thieves who have been carrying on their depredations in our midst for a long time past. His name is Thomas Hasler, and he is the man who effected an entrance into, and robbed the house of Prof. Perry, on the night of February 26th. The particulars of the robbery are as follows:

The dwelling house of Prof. A. W. Perry, corner of Broadway and Kentucky streets, was entered on the night of Feb. 26th, and every stitch of male wearing apparel belonging to the Professor and his son, was stolen. Entrance was effected by breaking a hole in the window glass just over the catch. They then reached in, opened the catch and crawled in.

The family were all asleep up stairs, but heard no noise and were unaware of what happened until the next morning, when the Professor and his son discovered that they would either have to pass the day in bed or procure some clothes from down town. They were soon supplied with sufficient clothing and then began an examination. It should be stated that when the Professor got up and went down stairs he found everything in complete confusion in the house. Bureaus, trunks, closets, etc., had been ransacked, and their contents, except everything that could be worn by a man, were strewn all around on the floor.

In the Professor's clothing was a pocketbook, containing a diary, \$500 in promissory notes, mortgages, etc., and a check for \$5 on the bank at Waverly, Mo. The pocketbook had Prof. Perry's name upon it. Nothing else in the house was missing. The value of the clothing stolen was estimated at about one hundred dollars. Among other articles was an old pair of shoes that were not worth ten cents.

A neighbor stated that in the night she saw a light in the front room of the house, but in the morning when the Professor got up he found it burning in the kitchen.

The thieves left an old suit of clothes in the house in the place of the ones they had taken; also, a good black felt hat was found lying out in the yard. The next day a couple of coats and a horse were found out in Barrett's lane, and it was naturally supposed that the thieves went in that direction.

Prof. Perry has been working quietly and unobtrusively to detect the thieves since the robbery was committed, and on last Friday, with the assistance of Deputy Sheriff Shy, succeeded in arresting one of the guilty parties.

Sufficient evidence was found in one of the pockets of the vest, left in Mr. Perry's house by the robbers, to fasten suspicion on a negro by the name of Thos. Hasler, who lived at Dresden, a small town on the Missouri Pacific railroad, about nine miles west of Sedalia.

Mr. Perry immediately commenced corresponding with the authorities of Dresden, who informed him that there was a negro living there by the name of Hasler, and they were informed by parties that he was a good-for-nothing rascal, and was considered a desperate character by the active living there. Mr. Perry then took active steps to capture Hasler, and last Friday morning swore out a warrant before Squire Clark for his arrest.

The warrant was placed in the hands of Deputy Sheriff Shy, who, in company with Prof. Perry, went up to serve the warrant and arrest Hasler. When they got to Dresden they were informed that their man was not there, but was working over at Houston. They immediately hired a conveyance and proceeded to Houston, where Hasler was working about half a mile north of town. They proceeded up the railroad track, and pretty soon came up with Hasler, in company with another negro.

Mr. Shy got the drop on Hasler with his revolver, and proceeded to read the warrant to him, while Prof. Perry kept a wary eye on him and his companion, to see that they did not take leg bail through the brush.

After Mr. Shy had finished reading the warrant, he walked up to Hasler and slipped the "dabbers" on his wrists. He then informed his prisoner that he would have to come to Sedalia with him. Hasler made no resistance, and was brought to the city Friday evening, and given lodgings in the county jail.

Hasler is a desperate character, and would not hesitate a minute to cut a man's throat, if he thought he could gain anything by the operation. Indeed he was once arrested at Dresden, for complicity in the murder of a white man, but by some hook or crook, succeeded in getting cleared. He says that this is the third time he has been arrested, but that it is the first time he has ever had the handcuffs on his wrists. He will probably try to escape from the county jail, but if he does try and Lem. Murray sees him in his attempts, there won't be enough of his honey carcass left to make the second attempt.

Hasler had a preliminary hearing before Squire Clark yesterday morning, and was held to bail in the sum of \$500, to appear before the next term of the Criminal Court, when, if it is to be hoped, he will get what he so justly deserves, namely, a ten years' term of servitude in the State prison.

Two St. Paul (Minn.) men have been arrested and charged with the murder of agents impossible. It is of boiler iron, bullet-proof, and so arranged that by means of an ingenious mechanical contrivance, the agent, in whatever part of the car he may happen to be, can instantly close and bolt every window and door, while loop-holes give him a chance to shoot as many big game as he pleases.

The Chicago papers are howling and waiting because they think that General Manager Hopkins, of the Wabash, is in league with the St. Louis roads in the fight between the Chicago and St. Louis roads for Kansas City business. They threaten all sorts of terrible things if he is not careful. This is dreadful, isn't it?

The work on the Quincy, Missouri and Pacific Railroad, west of Kirksville, is progressing rapidly. If fair weather continues the first fifteen miles of the extension will soon be built.

The earnings of the Pacific for March were \$363,772, against \$330,130 for the same month last year, showing an increase of \$33,642.

FLA BITE.



An official chiropodist supervises the feet of the New York police. He uses a horse to get around conveniently.—*Exchange*.

It would be more professional to do it about.

Gail Hamilton wears very tight corsets, and sometimes, as she looks out of the window dramatically at the full moon she turns quivering around to see if a man really is there squeezing her but her broom resumes its rigidity as she perceives it is nothing but the phantom of her hopes.—*Exchange*.

This is waiting specter on the Gail. The phantom of that Hamilton woman's hopes is something more substantial than a corset.

A Scotch parrot relates how Gen. Grant lost a thumb and finger at the battle of Michigan. Of course it means Zach. Chandler, who met the surgeon at that battle, and invited him to take three fingers.—*Exchange*.

Reading of such occurrences as these are likely to put a man out of spirits.

Temperance Bunker: Why do men in bad health drink whiskey?

Why, because there's so much body to it.

How to bring up calves—shift the sawdust.—*Exchange*.

No. It is true that the Boonville girls and all they do to shift it is to stand on their head before they start out for a promenade.

A correspondent tells us "not to be blind." Correct, we hold four axes.—*Turner's Falls Review*.

Sherman Thurston of Kansas City held five axes over a St. Louis Bohemian the other night who held four axes. He appealed to the courts of Jackson county to get his money back. He didn't.

The short skirt is an accomplished fact.—*Sam*.

Glad to hear it, but it seems to us as if the above depends largely upon the woman who wears it.

The first words spoken by Eve—"I must have a new spring bonnet at once."—*Buffalo Express*.

If he was a good husband, Adam went immediately to Mr. Norton's to select and buy one of the latest styles.

Lydia Thompson is worth a quarter of a million dollars, all acquired by the strictest economy in dressing.—*Exchange*.

Increasing years may drive Lydia from the stage, but she is certain to retire on a good leg-ay.

A man made a bet that he could ride the fly-wheel in a sawmill.—*Tuesday Gazette*.

"He was a kind husband and an indulgent parent" said the local papers, "but he did not know much about fly wheels."

A young man sent sixty cents to a firm advertising for that price a safe and preventive of bad dreams. He received the answer, "Don't go to sleep."

—Gone, but not forgotten—the hired girl who put insect powders in our salad instead of mustard.

Mr. Beecher says that white lies are very pernicious; that lying between women is dangerous in the extreme.—*Exchange*.

There was no Beecher in G. Washington's time although the cherry tree and hatched figure conspicuously in the matter of telling.

A few days ago Mr. Moody, when just about to begin his sermon, spied a slumbering Bostonian in the audience before him. He paused and requested that somebody would wake the man up, so possibly the sermon would result in converting him from the error of his ways. On being vigorously punched in the ribs the slumberer awoke with a start and a groan, and for a moment looked wildly around, after which he settled himself down to listen to what Moody had to say. He proved to be a well known and worthy deacon of a suburban church.—*Exchange*.

Just so. Is there one good bald headed deacon in Sedalia who will snore in his pew today? If so do not wake him as the sleep will do him more good than the preaching.

Hints to Subscribers.

Always be careful to omit the name of the state from your address. The publisher is supposed to know the state in which every subscriber lives. It is useful sometimes to sign your name, but if the publisher does not recognize your handwriting and enter your name correctly at once he ought to resign and give way to some one who can.

If you have a torn or doubtful bill, that you haven't courage even enough to put it in the contribution box, send it along. The publisher has peculiar facilities for selling defaced currency and counterfeit bills at a premium.

If for any reason you do not receive your paper promptly, write to the publisher a sharp letter. Call him a swindler or some similar pleasant epithet. It indicated true Christian forbearance on your part and produces an agreeable effect on him.

If you enclose by mistake a stamp for reply, paste it carefully and firmly on the letter. The effort to remove without destroying it is sure to make the publisher smile.

Be particular not to prepay your letter. It affords the publisher infinite delight at a cost of only six cents to send to the dead letter office for it.

If disposed to prepay at all, put on a one cent stamp. This enables the publisher to pay five cents more on receipt of the letter, and his happiness will be incomplete without it.

Always take it for granted that the subscriber never makes any mistakes, and that the publisher is responsible for all errors and delays.

If a mail car is destroyed by fire, charge it on the publisher. If a heavy storm delays the trains, charge it on the publisher. If there is a miscarriage of any kind charge it on the publisher. And the severer the language used, the greater the enjoyment.

A violation of any of these rules by some folks will cause great surprise to publishers and take away much of their pleasant enjoyment.—*Christian Union*.

It is the only medicine I would give to my baby, a mother said, speaking of Dr. Bull's Syrup. At all drug stores, 25 cents.

OUR MASONIC COLUMN.

At the request of several of our Masonic subscribers, we have decided to add a Masonic Department to our *SEDAVIA BAZOO*, and will continue it as long as desired. We will be pleased to receive contributions from Brothers on matters of local interest to the various bodies of Masons in the city and in the towns around us, and especially on the subject of complete histories of the lodges in the different towns in the County.

THE LANE, THE HALL AND THE BLIND.

ROBERT KAHN, ORLANDO, ONTARIO.

It has been claimed as a landmark by the majority of Masonic writers that it is necessary that the applicant seeking initiation to our mysteries should be sound in all his parts. To venture upon a protest to this has been looked upon by many as almost a sacrilege, but as some Grand Masters have granted dispensations for the initiation of certain persons, who were not perfect in their parts as one or more Grand Lodges have formally decided that so long as the applicant is capable of receiving and giving the signs and to, it is a question if this is not really a matter of a little calm discretion.

We admit that when Operative Masonry is really and practically in existence, such a rule or law as in existence and such existence was right and proper, in a capotously necessary, have for the subsequence and fusion of Operative Masonry in 1777, into Speculative Freemasonry such a landmark was unnecessary, and if strictly adhered to would render a vast portion of applicants ineligible to our degrees. Nebraska has decided in its 177th in its last Grand Lodge proceedings, (page 177) that a man who has "lost his right eye" is not eligible, for "no matter what his other eye or the acuteness of his hearing, the blind, the deaf, the dumb, are not eligible to the degrees in Masonry." This ruling is held to be good in many jurisdictions. Now, let us see what this literally means—it means that thousands of "good and true" men, men that would be ornaments in the Masonic tana are to be rejected because they are not perfect in all their parts. Carry the point a little further and I—were to refuse to initiate a man because he has lost a tooth? Certainly, as he is perfect in all his parts. Such is the position of the "manned" if we strictly adhere to this ancient landmark.

As before stated when Masonry was operative, such a law was reasonable and just, but after we became a speculative association, many changes naturally took place in the institution—our symbolism was developed, our ritual was changed from its crude state into a science, beautiful and impressive, and so on, and the ancient landmark advanced. Such being the case, it is in accordance with the spirit of the age that we should reject those who are otherwise worthy, because Nature has deprived them of the use of one or more of their senses. If we are to be a speculative association, we must be a perfect man in all his parts. Such is the position of the "manned" if we strictly adhere to this ancient landmark.

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